Poems for a Spanked Woman Standing in a Corner
By Yu May

In the Corner She Stood

In the corner she stood, a young woman forlorn,
Tears in her eyes, her bottom so worn,
Red and sore, with handprints so clear,
From a spanking so hard, it brought her to tears.

Her misdeed was naughty, her behavior not right,
And so to the corner, she was sent with a plight,
To reflect on her actions, to ponder and think,
And to wait for forgiveness, her heart to unshrink.

But oh, how she cried, her bottom so sore,
Her tears fell like rain, onto the cold floor,
Her heart felt so heavy, her spirit so low,
As she stood in the corner, with nowhere to go.

But fear not, dear reader, for time heals all pain,
And soon she'll be forgiven, her slate wiped clean,
Her tears will dry up, her heart will be light,
And she'll learn from her mistake, to always do what's right.

The Mark of Shame

In corner stood a maid so fair,
Her tears like dew on lilies rare,
Her countenance so woe-begone,
With scarlet hue upon her dawn.

Her hands, they clutch the apron tight,
Her eyes, they seem to lose their sight,
With heaving chest and sobbing breath,
She mourns her fate, foretold by death.

The print of hand upon her cheek,
The mark of shame, she cannot speak,
But inwardly she bears the pain,
Of knowing she has loved in vain.

Yet, in her heart there is a hope,
That from her chastisement she'll cope,
And rise above the shadows dark,
To find again her soul's true spark.

For in this trial, she'll be made new,
And with a heart both strong and true,
She'll face the world with open eyes,
And find her way beneath the skies.

Oh Fair Maiden, With Tear-Stained Face

Oh fair maiden, with tear-stained face,
In the corner you stand, in this lonely place,
Your spanked bottom, marked with prints so red,
Speaks of chastisement, for words that were said.

But fear not, my love, for in your sorrow,
There lies a beauty that will see tomorrow,
For though your heart may feel the weight of pain,
Your love will shine, and never wane.

Your tears, like diamonds, do sparkle so bright,
And in your eyes, I see a love that's right,
A love that's pure, and true, and rare,
A love that I vow, forever to bear.

Let me take you in my arms, and hold you tight,
And chase away your fears, with all my might,
For in your embrace, I find my peace,
And in your heart, my love, I find my release.

So do not fear, my sweet, for I am here,
To hold your hand, and wipe away each tear,
And though the road may be long, and hard,
With you by my side, my love, I am never scarred.

The Sore Reminder

In the corner of the room, a young woman stood,
Her eyes filled with tears, her mood far from good.
Her bottom bore the marks of a stern rebuke,
A sore reminder, she bore to her nook.

The handprints were clear, a testament to the pain,
A punishment well deserved, for her mistake was plain.
But as she stood there, in the corner so alone,
Her heart felt heavy, with a sorrow not yet known.

The room was silent, save for her stifled cries,
And in that stillness, her soul began to rise.
For though the punishment was harsh, and the pain so real,
She knew deep down, that her heart would heal.

And so she stood there, with her head held high,
With a strength that only comes from the sky.
For in that moment, she found her true worth,
And with a newfound courage, she stepped forth.

And though the road ahead may be long and steep,
She knows in her heart, that she will never weep.
For with each step she takes, she'll leave behind the pain,
And find a new life, where happiness will reign.

A Lesson Severe

In the corner stood a young woman fair,
With tear-streaked cheeks and an air of despair,
Her bottom red with prints so clear,
A sign of punishment, a lesson severe.

But in the midst of her pain and distress,
She found a solace in nature's caress,
For through the window, she saw the trees,
Whose leaves danced and swayed in the gentle breeze.

And in that moment, she felt a calm,
That soothed her heart like a healing balm,
For though her punishment was harsh and just,
Her spirit remained unbroken, true and robust.

For she knew that mistakes were a part of life,
And that even in pain, there can be no strife,
For in each trial and tribulation,
There lies a lesson, a new revelation.

And so she stood there, in the corner so still,
With a heart full of hope, and a soul that will,
Rise above the pain, and find a new day,
Where love and joy will forever stay.

Her Painful Plight

In the corner stood a woman, torn,
Her heart heavy, her spirit worn,
Her bottom red with prints so bright,
A symbol of her wrongs, her painful plight.

Her tears fell like rain, onto the floor,
As she stood there, with nothing more,
Than the weight of her guilt, and the pain of her shame,
A burden she carried, with no one to blame.

But in the midst of her sorrow, she found a light,
A glimmer of hope, shining so bright,
For in her heart, she knew that her mistakes,
Were but a fleeting moment, a chance to awake.

And so she looked to the future, with eyes so clear,
And embraced the pain, with a heart so near,
To the love that lay deep within her soul,
A love that would guide her, and make her whole.

For in each trial, there is a chance to grow,
To find the strength, to rise and glow,
And though the road may be long and steep,
She knows in her heart, that her soul will keep.

So let the handprints fade, and the pain subside,
For in her heart, she knows she'll abide,
In a love that's pure, and a spirit so free,
A life full of joy, where she'll forever be.